THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem
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The Son of Man Shall Appear!

THE Son of Man shall—yes, shall—appear in your midst. O beating heart, your lover and your judge shall appear. He will not bring a new revelation; he will not at first make any reply to the eager questions about death and immortality; he will present no stainless perfection. But he will do better: he will present something absolute, primal—the living rock—something necessary and at first hand, and men will cling to him therefor. He will restore the true balance; he will not condemn, but he will be absolute in himself. He will be the terrible judge to whom every one will run; he will be the lover and the judge in one. The Son of Man—ponder well these words! —Edward Carpenter in "Towards Democracy."

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ALL IN THE HOPPER.

The leading nations of the world are now in the hopper and all are being run through or are soon to be run through the great crushing machine of war. The United States, the fifteenth nation to enter, is yet in the hopper, the great crunchers of the machine have not yet laid hold of her, but the day for that does not seem to be far distant. Mr. Balfour, the British statesman now in this country, in conference at Washington, said the day of his arrival:

"I doubt if you can foresee what fundamental changes the war will bring into your ordinary life. We in England look back with amazement at the vital changes during our past thirty months of mobilization and imagine that many of the changes we have gone through, so salutary even for themselves alone, will be repeated here."

When it entered the war no nation in Europe had any conception of what was to be ground out of it before the war was over. Not many persons in this country have any conception of what is to be wrought out for us by the time the war comes to an end.

Writing some time ago on "The Causes of the War" the Rev. Dr. Jefferson, pastor of Broadway Tabernacle, New York, said: "Militarism is materialism in its deadliest manifestation. It is atheism in its most brutal and blatant incarnation. It is the enemy of God and man. It must be over-thrown. Every nation which becomes its devotee is doomed. Militaristic nations are broken to pieces like potters' vessels. So did the Almighty break Nineveh and Babylon, Persia and Greece, and Rome, and so unless they repent will he break in fragments the so-called great powers of Europe. He will, if necessary, convert the capitals of our modern world into dust heaps like those of Thebes and Memphis, and begin the world anew. He will overturn and overturn until he whose right it is shall regin. He that hath an ear to hear, let him hear what the Spirit is saying to the churches—and to the nations!"

Dr. Jefferson was thundering herein against Militarism. We have mislaid his entire article, but in a lengthy excerpt therefrom there is only one expression which indicates that he had gotten down to the roots of the war. It was: "Militarism is materialism in its deadliest manifestation." Merely an intimation of the root cause of the war!

The defect in much that has been written and spoken concerning this war is found in the emphasis that has been laid on Militarism to the neglect of the incontrovertible fact that the things that must be uprooted if life on this planet is to continue lie back of that. Militarism is the outgrowth of commercialism and all rest on the materialistic conception of life.

When this war began The Pacific fixed its roots in trade —in rampant and unmeasured commercial greed, in self-desire, and endeavored to make it plain that all these things were operative about as much in one nation as in another. It went against the grain of some persons; they wouldn't look beneath the surface.

Never was it possible for The Pacific to escape from the thought that our own nation might not be drawn in so that there might be ground out of us those deadly characteristics which if enduring would stay forever the advance of the kingdom of God upon the earth.

We are in now. And it it ought to be possible for persons of any vision at all to realize that it is for something other and higher than merely to whip the Germans. All the nations are to be whipped; or, to hold to the figure with which we started this article all are to be put through the great crushing machine of war. Let us not be so vain or blasphemous as to try to persuade ourselves and God that we need no crunching in order that better things may come to our common humanity.

Today we cannot see of course what is to be wrought out for mankind during the months or years yet to be of the war. But we know that foundations that had served their purpose for mankind are being shattered, that systems long a blight to the peoples on which they had been imposed are going under as the lurid fires of war blaze in Europe, and that in a few years after the war the great work began in the war will be pushed far on toward completion.

"Over all lands a winged hope is flying:
It goes without reproof, without replying:
It bears God's courage to the dulled and dying.

"The rusted chain that bound the world is broken;
A new strange star pricks down the night for token;
And the Great Word is waiting to be spoken!"

* * * * * *

"It comes! the high inbrothering of men,
The New Earth seen by John of Patmos, when
The comrade-dream was on his mighty heart.
I see the anarchs of the Pit depart—
The Greeds, the Fears, the Hates,
The carnal wild-haired Fates."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Recent information from Cardiff, Wales, states that coal miners are making as much as a hundred dollars a week. Some men who were shipping clerks two years ago now own a string of ships.

The secretary of Missouri Farmers' Exchange declares that farmers in that state are getting but a small part of the profits from the prevailing high prices and that the middlemen are getting rich at their expense. He is establishing farm bureaus which will make it possible for the farmers to co-operate. Their net profits he declares were less during 1916 than they were in 1915 despite much higher prices.

During the series of evangelistic meetings conducted for seven weeks in Fresno by Dr. Charles Reign Scoville, 4575 persons made confession of Christ. Dr. Scoville has been in the evangelistic work for eighteen years. Only once before has he secured so many converts. That was at Akron, Ohio, 5125. Fifty-two persons in Fresno offered themselves for special Christian service in the ministry, as mis-

sionaries, and as Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. secretaries. Dr. Scoville is now conducting a campaign in Sacramento.

Billy Sunday told in New York last week of his early efforts at preaching a convincing sermon: "I used words some of which were so long that they would make the jaws of a Greek professor squeak for a week, but I made no impression. So one day I said, 'God, I've got it doped out wrong,' and I loaded up my Gospel with rock salt, epicac, cayenne, barbed wire, tobasco and ketchup, and the feathers have been falling ever since. I tell you, friends, you can't fight a skunk with cologne. A religious sensation is better than religious damnation." After Mr. Sunday's delicate handling of Unitarians while he was in Boston, one wonders somewhat at the remark in this campaign in Buffalo: "To hell with the Unitarians," and, "God never heard the prayer of a Unitarian.' Did he say that sincerly? Or was this simply for sensation?

We find it stated in a Boston paper that Dr. Jowett has accepted the call to Westminster Chapel, London, but will not enter on the work until next year. The following comes to us in the British Weekly: "Ever since Dr. Jowett went to Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, he has had trouble with some of the wealthy owners of pews. They tried to keep strangers from occupying vacant seats in their pews, and they expected their pews to be reserved for some time after the commencement of the service. As Dr. Jowett's congregations increased, this selfish policy became very inconvenient, and on many occasions Dr. Jowett has seen vacant seats in all parts of the church while hundreds of strangers were standing and hundreds were being turned away. As all his appeals were in vain he announced at a recent crowded service, when he found seats were empty and visitors were standing in the aisles, that if it happened again he would announce the names of pew-owners who refused hospitality to visitors. This brought matters to a head, and the whole of the twenty ushers immediately resigned."

DR. AKED ON THE WAR AND THE FLAG.

The Editor of The Pacific received on Monday a letter from Dr. Aked from which quotation is made here:

"We need all the re-invigoration of faith that we can secure from your poets and heroes when we look at our country and at the world. Do you remember that in 1915, after the action taken by the President consequent upon the sinking of the Lusitania, I kept on saying, we are heading straight for War, and you commented in The Pacific that I was so emphatic and positive that it seemed as though I had (from Bryan) information not given to the public? It was not so. To me it was to the last degree unlikely that a great nation like ours would resile from the position then taken; and it was to my mind absolutely certain, a matter not to be argued about, that Germany would not permanently surrender her weapon of offence and defence, the U-boat. And I could see no possibility of anything but what has now happened. But we do not know what is going to happen. We may be in for nothing much but a little hysteria and a big expenditure of money or hell may be let loose upon us. We know nothing now.

"We have to recognize that War is a fact. We are in the War. We ought not to be in, but we are in. I have never been a Tolstoyan. I have never believed that it is always and under every circumstance wrong to kill. The Tolstoyan 'gospel' seems to me merely silly. And I, like everybody else, intend to be loyal to the flag.. What we all need to seek, just now, is to preserve what little Christianity we possess, to carry it through the time of storm to the calmer days beyond. The Flag of the United States is the divinest of human symbols. No flag of the old world is worthy of a place by its side. Only so far as God gives me wisdom and grace, I mean to keep the symbol which is not human but divine, the Cross of Christ, above it! That is all. And it may be that this will be enough. God grant it."

"RALLY ROUND THE FLAG, BOYS, RALLY ROUND THE FLAG."

Never before was there so insistent a call to the people of all classes in life to lay themselves on the altar of their country. The battle is on for a real democracy all around the world. It is for humanity the world over. Here is some thing given out in New York last week by Mr. Amos Pinchot of the American Committee on War Finance:

"It seems to me that the absurdity of the proposal to place only a 40 per centcent war tax on incomes over $1,000,000 a year should be commented upon. Foodstuffs and clothing are already soaring. People with small incomes are going to suffer actual hardship as the war continues. The main thing is to have the war burden adjusted fairly, so that there will be as little hardship and poverty as possible while the war is on.

"A tax of only 40 per cent on $1,000,000 incomes, leaving the poor multimillionaires with only from $600,000 a year up to shuffle along on, seems in a war-pinched country, a travesty of justice and of the pay-as-you-go war finance plan. Incomes of more than $100,000 should be taxed to the disappearing point in war time, and continue to be so taxed just as long as the war debt lasts. This is not a matter of sentiment; it is a matter of sheer and practical justice. The war will not be popular until the people feel it is carried on with justice to all classes.

"Get this before the people. Recruiting may be expected to pick up as soon as the public realizes that the rich are willing to volunteer their surplus wealth. If our young manhood is going to fight, incomes should fight, too."

In an appeal "to all loyal Americans," the War Finance Committee says: "Never in the history of wars has money been so necessary to military success (Great Britain alone is spending $35,000,000 a day as her share of the war's expense). What, then, is the duty of all citizens of means, those who have a comfortable surplus, and especially all who will remain at home protected by the sacrifice of the nation's young manhood The least that can be done by the men and women with bank accounts is to bear their share of the nation's burden by the free and prompt offering of their wealth to the nation's cause. America needs more than spoken loyalty from its citizens who stay at home. It needs real support.

"In war, the burden of fighting must be carried by those who are physically strong and fit to fight. The burden of finance must be borne by those who are financially strong and able to give. Above all, the war must be paid for as it proceeds. There must be no crushing legacy of bonded debt to be paid in taxes by the men who have done the fighting and their children. Let all loyal citizens who have incomes above their immediate necessities volunteer their wealth."

EVEN SCALES.

The robber is robbed by his riches;
The tyrant is dragged by his chain;
The schemer is snared by his cunning;
The slayer lies dead by the slain.

—Edwin Markham.

THE SO-CALLED SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.

Raymond C. Brooks.

No part of the New Testament teaching is more difficult to interpret fairly than the passages concerning the coming again of Christ. The difficulty applies not simply to the book of Revelation, but to similar passages in the gospels and the epistles.

The difficulty is due in part to the mass of ideas—traditions through which we have been accustomed to look upon these passages, so that without stopping to inquire into the history of the idea it has been common to take it for granted that there could be but one point of view from which the ideas could be seen, and so it has come to pass that people looking from different points of view have come sincerely to widely different conclusions.

For example, Christianity received, as we know, a great inheritance from Judaism, in some respects noble, inspiring, uplifting. But it included also some things which were a hindrance. Side by side with the spiritual and lofty conceptions of the great prophets, there lived on also the primitive hope of an earthly kingdom and the apocalyptic despair of this present world. Not infrequently the effect of this hope and of this despair was to obscure the conception of Jesus, so that even his own disciples at the last were asking, "Lord, wilt thou at this time restore the Kingdom to Israel?" The course of Christian thought was influenced also profoundly by Greece; and here again both for good and for ill.

Out of these Hebrew and Greek influences there have come down to us three forms of thought about the Last Things, all claiming to be Christian, all appealing to the authority of the New Testament, each differing from the other in important respects, and all persisting to our own day. The first centers expectation upon the personal, physical return of Christ to the earth to establish his kingdom, and it postpones until after that great event all hope of permanent progress and happiness. This conception has drawn to itself many sincere and earnest souls. It bases its claim for acceptance upon a literal exegesis and a pessimistic philosophy. It endeavors to construct from prophecy a chart of future history. It banishes God from this present world. It despairs of any progress by present methods. It sees no value in humanitarian movements. Modern Bible Study has removed the foundations on which such a conception rests, and its philosophy is acceptable to but few thoughtful people.

The second conception fixes attention upon the life after death and looks upon the other world as a training school in which temptations not conquered here will be mastered and the punishment due for sins here will be paid. This is the Catholic doctrine of Purgatory.

The third conception makes death the turning point of destiny and insists that death introduces us at once into the highest heaven or the lowest hell. It is possible for us now to trace the history of these ideas and see how each borrows support from the New Testament but does not take root in the teaching of Jesus.

There is yet another conception which seems distinctly Christian, but we are not likely to see it in its true character unless we separate it from these contributions from Hebrew and Greek religions. Here then is one difficulty: we look out upon this whole matter through the blur of a mass of ideas foreign to our manner of thought.

The difficulty comes in part also from the fact that in the New Testament itself there are at least two distinct types of thought connected with this matter of the coming again, and until we recognize this and see the reason for it and distinguish between them, we are likely to be confused by apparently contradictory statements.

Toward the end of his earthly life as the clouds began to gather about him and the disciples began to feel and fear the weight of opposition, Jesus began to speak with growing frequency of the triumph of his kingdom and of the time when, after his death he would return to them so that his presence and his power would be gloriously revealed. Nothing can be more clear than the disciples understood Jesus to promise that he would speedily return within the lifetime of some of them. Among those who listened to him were some who would be alive at that time. "Verily, I say unto you, there be some standing here who shall not taste death till they see the Son of Man coming in his Kingdom." Speaking on another occasion Jesus said, "Verily, I say, this generation shall not pass away till all these things be accomplished." In view of such plain statements, there would seem to be but one of three possible conclusions.

First. It is possible that the disciples misunderstood Jesus and so unintentionally misrepresented him. **Second:** It is conceivable that Jesus was mistaken, for the plain fact is that he did not come again in the physical and visible way they so confidently expected to see. In each succeeding generation there have been those who have looked for him in the clouds, and again and again the date for his coming has been fixed. Or **third:** It is possible that the language of Jesus does not mean what many have supposed it to mean. Is it capable of another interpretation? That such another interpretation is possible is suggested by a remarkable passage in the Fourth Gospel, in which one of the disciples asks Jesus the question, "Lord, how is it that thou wilt manifest thyself to us and not unto the world?" And he answered, "The solution of your difficulty is to realize that the return of Christ is spiritual and that His abode is in the hearts of men and His activity is in and through the lives of men. This is the true coming again of Christ."

Now the plain fact is that both of these types of thought are found in the New Testament. According to one the coming again is to be physical, visible, dramatic, spectacular. According to the other it is to be spiritual—a new and spiritual sense of his presence to replace the old physical relation.

It is clear, for example, that the disciples expected a physical, visible return; and it is clear that they were mistaken. Their mistake was a natural one. They looked for a different kind of a Messiah than they found in Jesus and a very different kind of a kingdom than he came to establish. Their minds were steeped in Jewish, Messianic symbolism; filled with ideas which were their Jewish inheritance, and it is not in the least surprising that they did not easily get away from them. They were not prepared to give full weight to the parables of Jesus, in which he likened the development of the Kingdom to the growth of a seed.

According to the other conception the Christian kingdom is a spiritual and a present reality. Eternal life is sharing the life of God. A new and spiritual presence replaces the old physical relation.

It is interesting to see how men have passed over from one idea to the other. Many disappointed by the delay in the physical return have learned to recognize the presence of Christ indwelling in men.

What now should be the attitude of the Christian toward this conception? Not the waiting for an absent Lord, one out of touch with human affairs to return; but the recognition and the realization of his presence; not gazing into heaven, but the recognition of the gracious spirit brooding in every heart; not to search for signs of his coming, but rejoicing that he is here; not looking into the silent heavens to hear the message from the clouds, but trustfully, obedi-

ently listening to catch the whisper of the voice within.

"We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

"But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he;
And faith has still its Olivet
And love its Galilee.

CIRCLES AND ORBITS.

Sermon by the Rev. Herbert Chandler Ide of Redlands.

Deut. 2:1-3: "Then we turned and took our journey into the wilderness by the way of the Red Sea, as the Lord spake unto me; and we compassed Mount Seir many days. And the Lord spake unto me, saying, Ye have compassed this mountain long enough; turn you northward."

This is the turning point in the wilderness wanderings of the children of Israel. They had come up out of the Egyptian captivity and had reached this mountain which rises above the desolation of the desert. On its sides they found a tolerable pasturage for their flocks and a pleasant abode for themselves. This seemed better than the burning waste of the desert through which they had come, but it was not their destination in Canaan. There they were settling down fairly content, putting off day by day the hard passage to their promised land. So they loitered until the voice of God reached them: "Ye have compassed this mountain long enough: turn you northward."

Sometimes a harsh imperative or a rude shock is necessary to shake men out of a comfortable mediocrity and urge them on to their greater destiny. The eagle stirs up its nest and pushes its young out when the time comes to learn to fly. So when this ancient people seemed to be losing their great motive, when they began to make what at best was intended as a night's camping place a permanent home; when their life began to lose direction, came the divine command searching their purposes and summoning to the forward march. The story comes down to us across the centuries and meets the ever-recurring similar experience of men. We ourselves need to hear that same stern command or its equivalent so often: "Ye have compassed this mountain long enough: turn you northward."

Do you realize how close the analogy lies between two principles in life and two movements of a body in space, the circular and the orbital? The wheel on the shaft flies round and round, does its work well, but at the day's end is no further along, while the wheel under the engine turns and turns but each revolution carries it further on towards its goal. Its continued return to the rail gives the traveler new scenes, bears him from sea to sea, and at last brings him to his journey's end. The school room globe turns round and round always returning to the same place. It makes no more progress than the squirrel in his cage. But the earth on which we live, turning on the axis, gives us day and night, summer and winter, seedtime and harvest. It never returns to the same point. Each revolution finds it thousands of miles further along its age-long journey. Its orbit is from eternity as it rushes onward among the stars.

Human life has its circles and its orbits. Too often men are wont to compass the mountain without sense of direction or meaning, or tread the monotonous round of detail with uninspired hearts and heedless minds, till God speaks in one of his myriad voices: "Ye have compassed this mountain long enough," turn your circles into an orbit.

We thank God for the circles, the constant recurrences which furnish much of the interest and joy of being; for our regular life and friends, for duties and habits. When the unusual experience or adventure is over we settle down into the blessed customary relationships. When the holiday is done we go back to the old place again and face with fresh zest the familiar ever-recurring routine. At close of day we return home to the family, hear again the same children's stories, kiss away the tears again, laugh with the old joy at the usual household happenings. How we would miss it—how we do miss it, when there comes a sudden interruption. The moorings of life shift forever when some face is missed at the nightfall. Thank God for the blessed returnings, of father and mother, of children and friends, for habits and routine of the common day. Be sure we shall come back some day to all that we have known and loved, though our course lie far beyond the bounds of present knowledge, we shall come back at last and find the intersection of all our orbits beside the door of our Father's house.

Yes, we seem to be returning to our starting points, but we never quite reach them again. Circumstances may not appear to change, but it is we who have changed. When you come home at night you are not the man who left in the morning. Your outlook is different, you are better or worse, richer in character or poorer. You have so met the day's challenge that you are weaker or stronger. In rounding the circle of the usual in the commonplace walks of the daily life we have been moving out of some vaster orbit of character and destiny like those who walk the deck of a ship at sea. We come back to the same spot on the deck again and again, but the ship constantly steams on through new latitudes, and under new constellations. So life has its joy and steadiness in its returnings, but gains zest and sweep in its constant moving onward. The two combine to give peace and progress to the soul, filling the simple, common things with eternal significance and divine values.

Of much of this we are unconscious, absorbed in the immediate environment like the deck-walker when he does not lift his eyes to sea and sky beyond the ship's rail. But now and then as he looks out he realizes the greater purpose and power of the whole voyage. So ought we in the midst of the trivial round of necessary duty, to lift up our eyes and hearts to life's wide, eternal relations, and merge the circle of the day into the orbit of life.

We have no option about many of these circles. Circumstances, forces within and without drive us on and on! We can only bear our part cheerfully and with courage, making the best of what cannot be helped. God's promised grace will be sufficient to sustain those who seek its help.

But in many other respects we can make our own choices. There we can be the captains of our souls, not the slaves of fate. We know how constant is the temptation to be absorbed in the customary, lost in detail, forgetting the promised land in compassing some perfectly respectable little mountain. How often we try to turn the night's camp into our abiding city. We mean well enough, but for the lack of the big purpose and the wide vision lose our sense of direction and momentum like the back waters of the Mississippi river in its lower reaches and become like it, breeders of miasma. The human who loses his soul in the absorption of the way, who forgets that he came from God and is on God's business in the errand of his life, who fails of an aim adequate to a God-given career, is in danger of becoming a human swamp, fit habitat of selfishness and lust. The divine manhood cannot rest content with the day's round. It must pursue ever greater ends, inclusive of all the humdrum, petty things, but vaster. It must not grow stagnant and bitter like Dead Sea waters, absorbing all into itself, giving forth nothing to enrich and beautify the

world, because without outlet. It must flow on and on, emptying its sympathy and service along its shining way to the great sea.

Are we not in danger too of yielding to the temptation to halt on the lower levels of life, like Israel of old? We do not descend to the evil but we are so content with the relatively good that we fail of our best and loiter far short of the promised land. Over these lesser heights sounds the voice of God summoning us on to the quest: "Ye have compassed this mountain long enough, turn you northward."

There is the lesser height of easily followed custom, of what others believe and do, an inherited creed, good for its own day, obsolete now, to which we cling rather than to press northward through the wilderness of theology and experience to find a better one for our time and ourselves.

There are the habits of youth, of by-gone days. Perhaps you compassed some mountain of habit and cannot now break away to freedom. Perhaps you are still marching around some foot-hill of success. You did a fine piece of work once and now you keep going back to it in pride and self content. In each fresh failure we return to its shrine to renew our self-respect. We rest between the shade of this little mountain in pleasant excuse for not marching to a new conquest. We can never forget that we did well once. Many a college boy has been spoiled for higher success in his later course or in life, by the big-head of some early achievement. Easy success spoils high endeavor. But you and I ought to know that success ought to make one both more modest and resolute:—modest in the face of more glorious victories that must yet be won; resolute to face the new challenge of God's providence with stronger faith and sterner courage as we leave behind the small mountain's circle for the wider orbit. Success is but the order to break camp and march on.

It may be you are still circling the memory of some failure or an ancient sorrow. Once you failed and you have never gotten over the bitter pang. Some misfortune overwhelmed you and you've never given God another chance with your soul. You've circled that barren hilltop in vain. Up and away, there's new joy and a better chance in God's land which lies to the north. It may be He cannot reveal to you the meaning of that sorrow or heal it for you, as long as you persist in hugging it. Neither God nor man can help one absorbed in self-pity. Pain and sorrow ought to sanctify life, to deepen the roots of faith, to quicken the heart into sympathy for others, and awaken compassion and trust. He who leaves his own little introspective circle and moves out on this upper path will leave his own troubles behind and presently find himself upon the shining table-lands where God himself evermore shall light the way.

Have you been hovering about some mountain in fear? From your vantage ground you see the glory of the promised land, but you see too the walled cities and the giants who must be overcome. You would linger in a comfortable, secure mediocrity rather than face the perils of the conquest. But remember, no promised land is ever free from the Anakim. Nothing worth while is ever won without struggle. Only cowards shudder on their safe, familiar hills when honor calls beyond the ranges. Advance resolutely and the foes shrink. You saw them magnified through your mountain mist. Now you see you were terrified only at shadows. Forward, and the way grows safe. Strength and courage rise to match your need. Be bold in the power of a God who never failed. Turn from the mountain, set your face northward. Turn your circle into an orbit.

Many of you never intended to stop where you did. You were bound for Canaan, and lo, forty years gone in the desert. You set out with fair hopes, but the way was barred, some temptation came, the vision faded, stagnation began, and direction was lost. So you've been compassing that mountain all this time you might have been marching on. It is never too late, get you northward. Life's glory is that today's position is not final. The body and mind reach their maturity, but the soul can go on growing. You can do the old things—and we all must do them—with new grace and power. Many a conquest will be not in new tasks, but in making the old ones diviner. Illumine the common-place. Your body may perforce continue to dwell in the old mountain, but the soul can go on. Turn the SOUL northward.

This northward way is no longer blind and untrodden. There are paths that mark it. There is the path of ampler vision. We can see things more clearly and in more sacred relationships. We can see that only that life counts which is holy and growing in grace. We can discern greater friendships and set out to win them; friendships with people, with the order and beauty of the world; with good books; with the great Friend. We need never grow too old for these things. By the ampler vision of faith it is possible for His greatness to flow around our incompleteness, round our restlessness His rest.

Then there is the path of a larger capacity. We can learn to do things better than we used to. If we are becoming better fathers and mothers, better business men, better pupils in school, better Christians, more tender and faithful, that is glorious testimony to our growth in capacity for the God-like things. Capacity increases by doing. It never grows save as we use what we have. The northward of the Christian's orbit follows the path of an ever increasing mastery over the little trials and an ever-greatening power to do our Father's will.

There is the path of character, too. The promised land is won by no magic, only by our growing good enough and big enough to win it. Character is ourselves made rich in experience and transformed into the likeness of what we have longed for. The Persians have a legend that when one dies he is wrapped in a wonderful garment which has been weaving all his days, forming its texture out of the desires he has cherished. This garment is his heaven. So we win character through the discipline of life. No burden is ever borne, or temptation mastered, no pure love nurtured but leaves its deposit in a beautified soul. The more we do God's will, the more we are transformed into His image.

I would invite this church to apply this text to its corporate life. We must not be content to congratulate ourselves on the realization of some ideals and point with pride to past achievements, however worthy. We must ever be turning toward the north of reconsecration,new service, richer power and deeper spirituality.

God is calling us thither with voices within and without, the voices of circumstances, the voices of holy visions, and the voices of commonplace experiences. There is the restless craving of our spirits for better things. There is the push of aspiration. There are our own tragic fortunes. There are the clutches of little hands. Sometimes it is joy, again it is sorrow. Yes, even life and death are angels calling us north toward the Fatherland.

We ought so to live that nothing occasional or transient shall become our permanent home. We must fix our heart on the end of the way, the promised land. There alone is our peace and our destiny.

This day you will compass the little circle of the day's work. May you hear it saying, "Turn you northward."

You will compass life for many days and years, and a voice is ever speaking through it—"Turn you northward." A day will come, when, speaking out of the great silence, sounding across from the land of light, the word of our Father will speed its message to you and me who have compassed the mountain of life—these many years, "You have compassed this mountain long enough, turn you through the gates of death still northward." There our lesser circles will be caught up into the vaster orbits of the eternal, and the pilgrims of earth enter the homeland of God.

"Call me —— silent voices
Forward to the starry track
Glimmering up the heights beyond me,
On and always on."

WHY IS THE UNITED STATES IN THE WAR?

In an editorial this week we give a vista of what appears to be coming out of the war for the United States as well as for other nations, and therein may be gathered what in our judgment is one of the reasons why our nation is in the war. But there are doubtless other reasons. Another reason was presented last week in an editorial in The Religious Telescope, the organ of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ. We pick out some of the thoughts set forth therein. We wonder whether many of the preachers of the gospel have had any such thoughts as are set forth in the editorial from which we are about to quote and if they have, just why they are refraining from uttering them. Is the changed and changing idea of God banishing them as something not worthy of acceptance? Or is it the thought that in this hour of danger to the nation such things must not be spoken of? We have had in mind the setting forth for the consideration of the readers of The Pacific things similar to those marshalled in The Telescope editorial, but had not found time as yet to write the article. We shall save the labor now and quote:

"Is the United States in the war because of her own sins? Unless moral government has reached its dissolving point, consequences still follow the acts of nations as well as the acts of persons. If God saw that the greed and theft of Achan needed to be published; if he thought it was necessary to call a halt on the wickedness of Ahab and Jezebel; if he regarded the selfishness and the lying of Ananias and Sapphira as worthy of speedy reward, if he noted that the Amorites were becoming worse and worse until compelled to say that their iniquity was full; if he watched with sorrow the decline of Samaria into the lowset lepths of diabolism; if he sadly followed the course of Judah to the legitimate results of sin, even the disruption of the chosen nation; if the wickedness of the world was so great as to call forth a destructive flood; if there was not enough righteousness in Sodom and Gomorrah to keep the plains and the plainsmen from being overwhelmed in fearful catastrophe; and if Egypt and Greece and Rome went the way of all decaying nations because of the honeycombing of their moral life with sin, what ground of boasting remains for the United States?

"President Wilson places the recognition of a state of war upon noble aim and worthy principle. He talks about the rights of humanity, the privileges of neutrals, and the general worth of certain forms of democratic government. All this is well, and a clear note is sounded, which, in itself, is a call to the observance of alienable rights.

"But we are reminded of the second inaugural of President Lincoln. That great statesman, esteemed and loved today by North and South alike, has outlived his calumniators on both sides of the line, and is an example of high-mindedness and generous-heartedness. His plea was a double one—the preservation of the Union, the abolition of human slavery, starting with the first and taking up the second as inseparable from it. Notwithstanding Mr. Lincoln's call to the high plane of loyalty and human rights, his second inaugural contains an open charge against the people of the North—his most earnest supporters. He wondered whether the scourge of war was not a result of the scourge of human slavery, and suggested that every drop of blood drawn by a lash might need atonement by another drop drawn by the sword. Lincoln was not speaking of the South alone in shedding this blood, but regarded the North as guilty in part. He who permits a wrong to continue is guilty along with him who commits the wrong.

"Has the United States of America been conducting herself so as to need no atonement? Can she say that, as a nation, she is unworthy and undeserving of the scourge of war? If there is a moral government, this country has something to atone for, and, just as sure as moral government exists, atonement, sooner or later, will be made.

"Too many people in this country have forgotten God. Too many other people have interposed no objection to this forgetfulness of the Almighty. While there is much good in the hearts of our citizens there has been too much indifference in head, and heart, and hand, and foot. Some corporations have shown an oppressive and throttling greed for gain, regardless of the cost to its contributors; but thousands of other people, exceeding far the corporations, have been just as greedy, just as selfish, and would have been more oppressive if they had had opportunity.

"One sin which has beset this generation is its satisfaction in its rches. Such lying down in the presence of need for moral action and spiritual battle is inexcusable. We have forgotten that we are but stewards of the possessions of the Almighty. * * * We have laid the Bible aside, or interpreted it according to our pet inner desires. We have not sought to discover the will of God, being too busily engaged carrying out our own sweet will. We have not consulted him, taking counsel chiefly of our own pleasures. We have been riding for a fall.

"We have sat down complacently, too many of us, and have seen a hundred thousand souls go out into eternal night every year, bound hand and foot, slaves to strong drink. We have congratulated ourselves that the license of this commercial iniquity helped to pay our taxes, and we were content to have it so. And—one of the curses of this age—we must fall back upon economic reasons to destroy the liquor traffic, considering moral reasons insufficient. We have dug these hundred thousand graves, rattled the clods down upon the plain coffins, turned aside from the new widowhood of the home and the sorrow and privation of new orphans, have stopped our ears to the appeals of heaven for a change unto righteousness, and excused ourselves from more active participation because it might hurt our business, decrease our political influence, or close up some social doors.

"We have fenced off certain districts of cities to nurture the unholiest vice and grossest immorality, claiming that such is helpful to the quietude of man, to the security of our homes, and to the safety of our wives, sisters, and daughters. We have gone into partnership with this evil, and, in the presence of hush money, and graft, and premature death, have become quiescent even to the point of acquiescence. We cannot nurture these sins which God has condemned, and expect to get by.

"We have gone pleasure mad. Fun and frolic have been sought at the expense of solidity of character. Convictions have been on the bargain counter, and policy in-

stead of the right has been our guilding star. We have leaned toward the expedient so far that we have toppled off the foundation of right for right's sake. In our insane craze to be amused rather than to be of service, we have desecrated the Sababth in every conceivable way, and flaunted our blasphemy in the face of the Almighty. * * *

"We cannot give ourselves over completely to greedy acquisition, to self-indulgence, to pleasure, to apology for wrong, and not suffer the consequences. It is time for the Christian home to be re-established, for Christian parentage to devote itself to the instruction of offspring in the realities of life, for churches to drop out their sleazy religion, for a reformation in every heart which is a lover of pleasure rather than a lover of God. In short, we must enthrone Jesus Christ more fully in the personal life. * * *

"But why should a nation be involved, good and bad alike? Because of the presence of the bad. If we confess to moral government, the more righteous a nation is, the less likely it is to get into military difficulty. Such a truth was emphasized and scores and scores of times when God was trying to train up a nation around Jerusalem, and trying, with less success, in and around Samaria.

"But why involve the good? No one is as good as he ought to be. Not a man in the United States has been as effective against sin as he ought to have been, and as he would have been had he been able to see consequences as God sees them. Sin requires atonement. If this country had been a Christian nation through and through, in character as well as in reputation, we would not now be on the verge of war. While we appreciate the high plane on which President Wilson has written, every one who deplores war must deplore any causes of which war is the legitimate effect. And sin, on the part of persons as persons, on the part of persons as commercial agents, on the part of persons as social figures, on the part of persons as political leaders or aspirants, on the part of persons acting as national representatives, on the part of persons in the humblest sphere in neighborhood life, points straight to trouble."

THY WILL BE DONE.

We see not, know not; all our way
Is night, with Thee alone is day:
From out the torrent's trouble drift,
Above the storm our prayers we lift,
Thy will be done!

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint,
But who are we to make complaint,
Or dare to plead, in times like these,
The weakness of our love of ease?
Thy will be done!

* * * * * *

Though dim as yet in tint and line,
We trace Thy picture's wise design,
And thank Thee that our age supplies
Its dark relief of sacrifice.
Thy will be done!

And if, in our unworthiness,
Thy sacrificial wine we press;
If from Thy ordeal's heated bars
Our feet are seamed with crimson scars,
Thy will be done!

If, for the age to come, this hour
Of trial hath vicarious power,
And, blest by Thee, our present pain,
Be Liberty's eternal gain,
Thy will be done!

Strike, Thou the Master, we Thy keys,
The anthem of the destnies!
The minor of Thy loftier strain
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain,
Thy will be done!

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE NATIONAL COUNCIL.

The Congregational National Council will be held the last week in October, either in Columbus or Chicago. The Executive Committee says in a statement announcing a change from Los Angeles to some interior city:

"The fundamental reason for the change is to be found in the apparent unlikelihood that any adequate attendance can be secured from the portion of our fellowship east of the Rocky Mountains. This is due not to any general disinclination to hold the Council in the far West. On the contrary, there was up to the time of breaking diplomatic relations with Germany every indication of a large and enthusiastic meeting. But under present conditions the cost of the trip assumes a prohibitive nature for many people who find themselves caught between the high cost of living on the one side and the multiplied demands of charity and public obligations on the other. They no longer dare attempt a transcontinental trip.

"Furthermore, some of those who would otherwise be present will be engaged this summer in public duties as chaplains of regiments, members of safety committees and of military organizations. A still larger number will have brothers, husbands, sons or other kindred in army or navy, some of them possibly by July first getting ready to sail for France. Upon them, and all of us, there will rest a burden of grave anxiety which will make us unwilling to plan an extended absence from home.

"If, as anticipated, the result of this situation should be a meagre attendance at the Council, it would mean that we should not only fail to carry to our Pacific Coast churches the fellowship and inspiration which the Council ought to bring, but that we should be obliged to decide matters of the gravest importance in a gathering by no means representative of the whole denomination."

The Executive Committee remarks further: "In prayer, in teaching, in planning, in action, in devotion of life and treasure our churches should make the months that lie ahead the best in their history. Our nation cannot render its appointed service to the world save as it is guided by the mind of Christ and by the Holy Spirit whom He has sent. The church must use her utmost effort to ascertain His mind and to lead the nation to follow in His way. To this end, the coming Council in October ought to be the greatest and most significant gathering ever held in our denomination. We shall come together to consider the world obligation thrust upon us, to plan our missionary operations at home and abroad amid the troubled conditions of war, to perfect measures of advance which shall worthily celebrate our Tercentenary, to pray fro a revival of religion such as we must have if we are to be of the largest service to the Kingdom of Christ and to join with the servants of God in planning and in petition for that redeemed America through whose ministry all nations shall be blest.

"The Committee, therefore, urges that in all the denominational gatherings of the spring and in all our churches, as the months go by, the coming Council meeting shall be kept in full view. When the fall comes let us gather with the inspiration of large numbers. Let us come in the spirit of penitence and trust. Let us utter our message and shape our message and shape our future course with courage and the spirit of sacrifice."

WORLD-WIDE DESTRUCTION AND RECONSTRUCTION.

D. F. Fox, Pastor of First Congregational Church, Pasadena.

Long ago the Psalmist said: "The earth is the Lord's; the world and they that dwell therein."

These words contain a declaration of Divine Sovereignty. The earth is the Lord's. It belongs to Him; it is good; it is to serve a purpose. When we think of how our earth was formed and of how this creative work is still going on we are in the presence of a most interesting truth. A gentleman who knows was telling me that at one time our mountain range was at least a mile higher than it is now. Storm, rain. heat, cold. erosion. have cut the peaks down, and the fill in the valley where now stands the city of Pasadena was at one time a part of the sea whose waves rolled up to the foothills. When we think of the rocks that form our mountain range the story becomes increasingly interesting. There is the igneous rock of the great mineral belt, covered with forests whose trees feed on the acidity of the rocks. There are the basaltic rocks out of which all nutriment has been burned so that not even a cactus can grow, and of which the Indian says, 'Malapi'—'no good.' And there is the sedimentary rock to which, if we add elements of nutrition we get our returns in orange groves. truck gardens. flowers, and fruits.

Near Pasadena. we are told. is to be found some of the newest part of the earth. portions that are unseasoned, uncooked. because the fires cooled and went out before it was thoroughly baked. Just across the state line up north there is a fissure in the rocks six feet wide and a mile long, from which sounds resembling a steamboat are constantly emitted. Because of this they have named the place Steamboat Springs. The heat in this crevice is so great that if you put an egg into a handkerchief. tie it to the end of a stick and swing it quickly through the crevice the egg will be hardboiled. This vapor, which is many times hotter than steam, is charged with silica. the acid that mothers minerals when they are formed into quartz. This is the only place on the earth today where minerals are being formed. Here silver. gold, antimony and quicksilver crystals are being formed. Here crystals are being precipitated.

It takes nature a long time to turn out a finished product. Coarse quartz contains only a small quantity of mineral. It is in the small fine crystals representing long periods of mineralization that the precious metals are found in rich quantities. They represent the refinement of mineral life.

There is a critical period we are told in which this precipitation takes place. When the degree of heat and the amount of pressure are just right the elements pass from one state of being to another. They are born again. They are born to higher things.

This story of the changes that are taking place in the natural world gives fittinng illustration to the second portion of the text "The world and they that dwell therein." Just as in the realm of the mineral kingdom there are great changes and critical periods so also in the human heart. in society. in the world at large there are great epochs, wherein the destructive is also the constructive because they make for the gain of the race.

Turn over a page or two of history. and note how this truth finds illustration. Think of the collision between the Oriental world and the Greeks, between the Romans and the Carthaginians. The supremacy of the Greek and Roman that ensued made for the advancement of the world. When the struggle between the Spanish Armada and the English fleet was on and when at last the ships of Philip were thrown a hopeless mass far up against the stony cliffs of the north sea there emerged a larger liberty for all humanity in all the ages yet to be. When Oliver Cromwell established the commonwealth and Charles the First paid the penalty on the heading block a new day dawned for the human race, a day in whose light there emerged the open Bible, freedom of worship, the right of individual initiative and subsequently the great Puritan-Pilgrim movement in the founding of the new republic of the western world. When Washington, Adams, Jefferson and Franklin and others protested against taxation without representation and drew up the declaration of independence, they pushed forward the chariot wheels of the world's advancement. In the Civil War, when the struggle was on as to whether or not there should be a republic and a confederacy, and when subsequently the slace was liberated and the Union preserved, once again the best things came out on top.

I mention these things briefly. They are introductory to the thing that is these days uppermost in all of our minds—the present world struggle. Whether we wanted war or not is now a thing of the past. The only way a republic can act is through its representatives. It is our business as Christians and loyal Americans to fall in with events as they are. This is the greatest crisis in the history of our worl. We must meet it as Christians, as patriots, as Americans. We must see things clearly and wholly.

It goes without saying that we are too close to events thus to see them. We are in the midst of them. After a hundred years ministers will stand in the pulpit and will illustrate with the events of today how the best survived. But I do not want to wait a hundred years before I can get a bit of comfort for myself and I do not think that it is necessary for us to do so. A few things are already beginning to emerge.

First—We are beginning to see a new Russia. Whatever changes and revolutions may take place—and there will no doubt be many of them—Russia can never again be old Russia. Her raw material will be worked over into new uses. You can never again push that chick into the shell from which it has emerged. The impact of the outside world upon the life of the Russian people will tell and the present leavening process will ultimately result in giving to the sisterhoods of nations a new Russia.

Second—Condtions are so shaping themselves that hereafter Armenia massacres will be impossible. It may be too good a dream to dream, and it may be too fine a hope to cherish—the dream and the hope that Jerusalem shall come once more under the leadership of a Christian nation and that the Mosque of Omar on Mount Moriah and the Mosque of St. Sophia in Constantinople shall be rededicated as Christian churches—none of these things are impossible—indeed I think them altogether probable, but of this I am certain, the conscience of the world, duly enlightened and aroused, will demand that the sword of the oppressor be no longer wielded in murderous assault upon our suffering Armenian brothers. These noble people must be given their rightful place among the children of men.

Third—Another thing that is emerging is a new France. I do not know how you have thought about it. but to me

France had seemed to be a decadent nation. But now she is being purged and purified and is emerging with a spirit that has won for her the admiration of the world.

Fourth—One of the gains of the present world struggle will surely be the death of militarism. The militaristic spirit is the enemy of the human race. It generates an insolence and a pride that brooks no questioning of its authority and therefore makes true brotherhood impossible. Governments thus sustained are crumbling. Militarism everywhere must cease to be the dominant note in the life of the world.

Fifth—Another result that must emerge is the breaking up of great landed estates. Lord Rosebury owns 80,000 acres of land in the vicinity of Edinburgh. Not a shovelful of that land is for sale. The people who till the soil are dependents. One-half the trouble in Ireland is absentee landlordism. Great economic readjustments must take place. This in our own land as well as in European countries.

Along with this there has come out of this struggle the mightiest reinforcement to the cause of temperance we have ever had. The warring nations have prohibited in greater or less degree the use of alcoholic liquors to their soldiers. A drinking soldier is not an efficient solder. He lacks endurance. His eyesight is not good. His nerves are not steady. From the viewpoint of efficiency, therefore, drink is prohibited. Also from the viewpoint of the world's food supply alcoholic drinks are doomed. Lloyd George has not as yet prohibited the use of barley, wheat and corn for brewing purposes, but if the people of England are to be fed, and if the people of the United States are to help feed them, even though the vested funds of the nobility and the established church in brewery stocks go glimmering, the price will have to be paid, and instead of using cereals to disqualify people they will be used as God intended they should be, to feed the hungry. There is no denying the truth that if this can be permanently held, then by one stroke the world would be made more than half Christian.

Sixth—Again, out of this struggle will come a clearer definition and a better understanding of international law. Some of the lawyers may know what international law is, but I'm blessed if I do, and I claim to be a man of average intelligence. In a general way I suppose it means right relationship between nations. It means also that the relationships between nations will be more clearly defined and that relationships that are not based on equity and righteousness will go.

Seventh—Another result, more particularly for our own country, lies in the fact that at the present time the south is in the saddle in our national affairs. If it shall now come to pass that the present administration shall carry us safely through this crisis then our dear friends in the south will have something else to talk about beside the "lost cause." This cannot be other than a great blessing for all—north, south, east, west.

These are a few of the things that are beginning to emerge to give us a little of comfort in this tragic hour. Others will follow.

But this is not all. A reconstructed world, even if it is reconstructed along the lines indicated is not sufficient. We must have not only a reconstructed world, we must have a regenerated world. There must be a new valuation of life and of truth and of brotherhood. Our own motives must be purged and our hearts purified. Upon all of our problems we must bring to bear the spirit and the teachings of Jesus. The Kingdom of heaven is to be established upon the earth. The only way in which this can be done and the only power that can do it is the power of the divine life brought into the hearts of men through the spirit of Jesus. Drunkenness, impurity, greed, cruelty, child labor, trampling upon womanhood, selfishness, hatred, warfare, these are in the world today. They have always been in the world, you say. They are here now. Therefore, you conclude that there has been no advance, no real gain. But there is this difference. Once there was no protest. They were accepted as a matter of course. Today there is a deep, earnest, mighty protest again every one of these things. At the heart of the world's best life today there is the spirit of Jesus Christ. And that spirit is lifting up a new standard for individuals, communities, nations. The whole world is being standardized. And it is being standardized by the only enduring standard—the standard of the cross of the world's Redeemer. Here men are finding the highest plan of thought, the noblest incentive to service, the truest explanation and the deepest meaning of life.

In the olden days, they tell us men sought to build a tower up to heaven. It ended in disaster. It has been called through all the subsequent years, the tower of Babel, the tower of confusion.

In Jerusalem, they say, the spirit of the living Christ came upon a company of believing hearts, and they spake every man in his own tongue the wonderful works of God. What the world needs today is not a repetition of the folly of seeking to build a tower of Babel, but a baptism of the spirit of Christ. With His spirit we will have pure motives, our hearts will beat true to the great world need and we will make all agencies contribute to a realization of the Kingdom of God among men, for the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof the world and they that dwell therein.

AN EARLY YEAR BOOK.

By the indefatigable efforts of Mr. Harris and his helpers in the National office, supplementing the vigorous activities of state registrars, there is every prospect that the mailing of the Year Book can begin by May 2, unless some unforeseeable accident shall prevent. This will enable most of our pastors to have the book for use prior to the spring meetings of state conferences.

The statistical summaries have just been completed and as usually happens have in them something of both light and shadow. The accessions on confession of faith were just above 42,000 a little over 1,000 less than the previous year which was the high water mark of our denominational history. The net membership gain was 15,379, which is about 2,000 less than last year's unusual growth. It is interesting to note that as in recent years the net increase of men and women members is approximately the same.

Turning to our benevolence contributions the situation is distinctly cheering. The gifts for the current work of our denominational agencies amount to $1,321,977, a gain of about $88,000 over the previous years. The total gifts for missions and charities were $2,893,151, registering a gain of $459,946 over the previous year. This increase is no doubt attributable in part to gifts for war relief and the like.

Expenditures for local church support were $10,865,414, an increase of $482,911. This is not a very large advance on the average of recent years, as 1915 was for some reason below the ordinary level.

Our church schools registered their usual cheering growth, the total membership being 773,028 as against 768,103 the year before. We shall soon be back to the minimum normal level where the church school enrollment equals the membership of our churches. Men's organizations were 1681 in member, a loss of 91, with 91,326 mem-

bers, a loss of 231. Our young people's organizations numbered 3,261, a decrease of 60, with 134,258 members, a loss of 3569. This decrease coming after the gains of recent years brings fresh reminder of our obligation to strengthen this branch of our work.

Our denomination is with wisdom proceeding conservatively in the matter of organizing new churches. This fact coupled with a somewhat unusual mortality rate caused a net decrease of 14 in the number of churches, the present total being 6,089.

Altogether there is occasion in these figures for both humility and encouragement. Let us redouble our efforts and make this war year of 1917 the best in our history.

HUBERT C. HERRING,
Council Secretary.

A HYMN OF LOYALTY.

Land of the free! Thy sons shall bear
  Steadfast allegiance unto thee!
Home of the brave! Thy daughters fair
  Loyal, serene and true shall be.

Not for the selfish lure of gold
  Come we to lift the warrior spear;
Not as the conqueror came of old;
  Not as the coward, dumb with fear.

We come to make democracy
  Safe for all nations everywhere;
We come to set the peoples free,
  Earth's nobler future to prepare!

We come to claim a brotherhood
  Broader than language, blood or sea;
We stand but where our fathers stood
  And battle still for liberty!

God grant at last a world at peace,
  A world of nations ruled by laws;
Warriors are we that wars may cease,
  Free men in holy Freedom's cause!

Loyal are we to our own land,
  Loyal to all humanity—
The World Republic yet shall stand!
  The Brotherhood of Man must be!

—Albert W. Palmer, Pastor of Plymouth Church, Oakland.

THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE.

A poet said: "We needs must love the highest
  When we see it";
Yea, and the lowest, which is surely nighest,—
  Ours to free it.
For this the Life, ordained when Time began—
  Earth's first-day morn;
And this the Truth, declared when God's true man,
  The Christ was born.
And when it was prepared in one true life,
  The Way was shown,
And on that path have faced, though clouds were rife,
  Who peace have known.
The Way, the Truth, the Life, the Christ's true name,
  All men must own;
For he who wrought for us would share his fame—
  Be not alone. —W. W. Lovejoy.

JOINT MEETING OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY UNION AND SOUTHERN BRANCH OF WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS FOR THE PACIFIC.

The 29th anniversary meeting of the Southern California Woman's Home Missionary Union and the 27th annual meeting of the Southern Branch of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific were held in Riverside on the 18th and 19th of April.

Individual Responsibility was the keynote of the joint annual meeting, the burden of every address and report, for we realize that in these trying times we can only hope to carry on our work by realizing

"My work is mine.
Not God Himself can do God's best
Without best men (and women) to help Him."

Yet it was very far from being a sad and solemn meeting, but rather one characterized by joy, good fellowship and enthusiasm. My car-seat companion hardly believed me when I told him that all these jolly women were on their way to a missionary meeting.

Riverside itself was in full glory of spring blossoms, and our kind hosts and hostesses did all in their power to make their guests comfortable and happy in their beautiful church and their own pleasant homes.

Both Branch and Union elected their former officers tired and true, with only a few necessary changes where faithful helpers were forced by circumstances to resign.

The Branch and the Union had each aimed to raise $7,500 for the year; but they both passed the $8,000 mark. Everyone was so happy that the Branch voted to increase its aim $100 besides assuming its share of extra expenses falling to the W. B. M. P. The Union was almost carried away by enthusiasm for the various lines of regular work, and would like to raise $10,000, though they dared not promise more than their $7,500 of past years. Two gratifying facts are that administration expenses were less than two per cent, and that increased gifts to our own pledged work rather than to outside specials show "growth in loyalty, intelligence, and systematic business methods."

Dr. Kenngott, as ever witty and wise, spoke to us on The Fellowship of the Churches, emphasizing our responsibility for the foreign churches under our care, the "shepherds of the hills" in our lonely home missionary fields, and our small struggling city churches.

He then introduced Rev. and Mrs. Arthur Peebles, home missionaries in the San Diego field, who told us a little of their work and delighted us, as they do their parishioners with their beautiful duets.

Mrs. Warren F. Day, beloved and honored among us for so many years, gave as her parting words, Christ's parting message in the temple.

Mrs. H. K. W. Bent gave us cheering news from our auxiliaries. Three of them have attained first rank as measured by our "Standard of Excellence," and eleven more are not far behind. Two inspiring sentences she quoted from reports: "As long as I live there shall be a missionary society in Hawthorne, if I am it." "We are doing what we can where we are, with what we have."

Missions among Endeavorers are more hopeful as the young people are realizing more fully their obligations to their own denomination. The Missionary Education Committee is pushing the Tercentenary plan for the Sunday-schools, and Mrs. Clark presented it to us most forcibly by sample chart and story.

Dr. Norton of Pomona College gave us a delightful account, humorous and earnest, of the "Deputation in

Dixie" and the needs and struggles of Congregationalism in the South.

In the evening Dr. Aked brought to bear all his resources of tact, wit and experience gained in travel and reading and personal acquaintance upon one imaginary hearer who did not believe in missions. If he was there, he was surely converted, and surely we were all strengthened in faith and zeal.

The Branch was especially happy to welcome back its president, Mrs. J. H. Lash, and to send greetings to our newest member and future missionary, little Barbara Frances Lash.

Mrs. Cherington came to us bearing a message from the Mother Board, and received a three-fold welcome, as a personal friend to many of us, as a representative of our broader work and fellowship, and as bringing to us a special word of love from Miss Laura Richards, who had long expected to be with us in the meetings, but in her last illness planned for her brother to bring Mrs. Cherington instead.

A group from the Woman's Auxiliary, Redlands, in a burlesque missionary meeting, showed us in a most amusing way, "How Not to Do It." Afterwards our most experienced leaders in various forms of work explained to us, "How to Do It."

Miss Concha Romero of Pomona College, spoke straight from her own heart of the "Ideals of a Latin-American"—her hopes for her own people; women educated to be good citizens, lamps filled not for their own sakes, but to give light. She is one of eighteen student volunteers in Pomona College, six of whom were present in the meeting and told us of their own missionary call.

We had long awaited the coming of our beloved Miss Denton, and rejoiced and sympathized with her as she told of the wonderful growth, the new hopes and needs of the "Greater Doshisha."

The impressions and resolves of the whole meeting we may sum up in the words of Mrs. Bent: "If we must sacrifice, let us sacrifice our missionary work last of all."

NINA E. RICE.

A CALIFORNIAN IN NEW ENGLAND.

We quote from a letter received last week from Stanley Ross Fisher, who is pastor now of the First Congregational Church of Fall River, Massachusetts:

"We are greatly enjoying Fall River. I go frequently to New York and Boston, for we are just half-way between, but there is much to keep me very busy right at home. The enclosed calendars will give you some idea, of our activities. I have done quite a little college preaching since I came and have preached four conference and three installation sermons. The new broom, you know! I have been asked to supply a London Church this summer, also to conduct a Bible Conference at Silver Bay for the Y. W. C. A. but both of these I shall decline, for we live at a rather too swift pace here and I know I ought to 'laze 'round' ' in the off weeks. So we will hie us to our little farm on the top of a N. H. hill about the last of June. The four central churches of this city unite for summer union services, so I get practically three months' vacation.

I am aways glad to read the Pacific. I have not the time to read the paper every week, but about once a month I shut myself up in my study for an orgy of belated reading.

I especially like the sane and temperate character of your paragraphs on the international situation.

Of course Fall River being a great industrial centre we hear almost nothing but preparedness from morning till night.

Half of my men are ready to go into some branch of the army or navy. Most of the Harvard and Yale men, and the fellows from Amherst, Williams and Dartmouth are under training for officerships. There is a very genuine spirit of patriotism abroad, but there is also a good deal of jingo talk.

I was glad to have William Horace Day come east. I see Mr. Jump frequently. He is very happily located at Manchester, N. H. and I believe that conditions are just right for a uniquely happy pastorate. The other day we had quite a California party in the Congregational Book Store—Jump, Bade, Fisher, Huntington (who was at Claremont) and two or three other men who had lived in California."

In a recent note concerning Mr. Fisher's installation at Fall River we stated that his church would be one hundred years old in 1923. It was that old in 1916, about the time Mr. Fisher entered on the pastorate.

CHAPLAIN ROWELL'S NINETY-SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY.

The celebration of the 97th birthday of Chaplain Rowell by the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity last Monday was a very enjoyable affair. Remarks were made by the Revs. Walter Frear, W. C. Pond, and E. C. Oakley; and Fred Emerson Brooks and Mrs. Raymond C. Brooks added to the enjoyment of the occasion by recitations and songs. Dr. Frear spoke very appreciatively and tenderly, outlining the great service rendered by Chaplain Rowell for the seamen for half a century. Emphasis was laid on his steadfastness and singleness of purpose—his one aim in life being to win men for Christ. He stated that Chaplain Rowell had attained to more years than any other graduate of Yale, and was probably the only living member of any of the classes up to 1852.

Dr. Pond spoke also of the fine service rendered all through the years by Chaplain Rowell, and then recalled the part some others, such as Lacy, Benton, and Mooar had in our early day history. In the course of his remarks he made mention of the fact that Mrs. Frederick Buel, wife of the first secretary of the California Bible Society, was still living in Oakland at the advanced age of 93.

Mr. Oakley brought out the granite-like qualities in Chaplain Rowell, and voiced the admiration for him of the younger generation of ministers.

When Chaplain Rowell was called on to respond, he thanked the ministers for the occasion of recognition and expressed the conviction that it was more for Christ than for for him. Stating then how he had made it his motto when he came here, "By all means save some," he went on to impress on the minds of the ministers that it was their absolute duty to make it their business, their one business, to win men to Christ. And his plea was for more preaching of the Crucified Christ and the Cross.

Very appropriately Mr. Preston, who is now the chairman at the Monday meeting of the Ministers, suggested the singing at the close of two stanzas of "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name."

Mr. Charnock, in whose heart and brain is lodged the date of Chaplain Rowell's birth, and who never allows us in the rush and push of our busy lives to forget it, who reminded us of it again this year, presided at the appetizing lunch which the ladies of First Church, San Francisco, graciously served.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Southern California Congregational Conference meets at Ontario on the 7th of May.

The Rev. Dr. I. C. Meserve of Pasadena, will supply for the First Congregational Church of San Francisco during May.

At the communion service in the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles on April 8, fifteen persons were welcomed into fellowship, three uniting on confession.

Next Monday at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity Mr. George W. Dickie will speak on "The United States Navy and the War."

The address of the Rev. Robert Walker for the summer will be 1522 Walnut street, Berkeley. As announced last week, Mr. Walker is to supply the North Congregational Church, Berkeley, for a few months.

Dr. Raymond C. Brooks is spending considerable of this week at Los Gatos being on the program for several addresses at the Spring-time Conference instituted a few years ago by the Rev. Robert Whitaker.

The graduation exercises of the Pacific School of Religion will be held on Thursday, May 3, at half past three in the First Congregational Church of Berkeley. The address will be given by Dr. Van Horn. Subject, "Things New and Old."

The Rev. Henry Pressfield, a student in the Pacific School of Religion, has closed his work with the Congregational Church at Bay Point and enters next week on the pastorate of the Methodist Church at Merced. Mr. F. C. Ellis, another student, succeeds him at Bay Point.

Mr. Fred W. Morrison, Educational Secretary in the First Congregational Church of Berkeley, and a student in the Pacific School of Religion, will be united in marriage on the 26th of June to Miss Helen Adams, a member of the senior class in Whitman College, at Walla Walla, Washington. They will spend the summer in Yosemite, where Mr. Morrison goes soon to take up again the work of Chaplain at the chapel in the valley and at Camp Curry, a work carried on by him so satisfactorily last year. In September Mr. and Mrs. Morrison will go to New Haven, Connecticut, where both will study for two years. Mr. Morrison will enter the Yale School of Religion and will have work also in one of the New Haven Churches. We who know him here, and have knowledge of the good work he has done in the Y. M. C. A in Berkeley and in our First Church, will miss him, but will joy and rejoice with him as he goes on in new paths of study and service and experience.

THE COUNCIL OF INSTALLATION AT MARTINEZ.

The Council held at Martinez on Friday, the 20th of April for the purpose of installing Rev. Geo. E. Atkinson as pastor of the Congregational Church at that place was a most successful occasion. The meeting was called to order by the Rev. A. B. Roberts of Antioch, the oldest settled pastor of the Association present. Upon the organization of the council Mr. Geo. N. Stray was elected moderator and Chas. L. Atkins of Benicia, Scribe. A remarkably full attendance of pastors and delegates was present, and Rev. Davies of the Grace Episcopal Church of Martinez and Rev. E. D. Hale were made members of the Council by courtesy. Mr. Atkinson's statement was clear and sparkling and burning with his conviction of the greatness of the task of a minister of the gospel. After a supper fit for kings, the evenign session was called to order. Following is the order of service for the evening: Devotional by the Moderator, sermon by Dr. F. J. Van Horn of Oakland, Installing Prayer by Rev. C. C. Champlin of Pittsburg, Music by Martinez Choir, Charge to the Pastor and People by Rev. R. C. Brooks of Berkeley, Right Hand of Fellowship by Edson D. Hale of Martinez, and Benediction by Rev. Geo. E. Atkinson. One of the most enjoyable features of the service for the newly installed pastor was the presentation of a Ford automobile by the Moderator, Mr. Geo. N. Stray, one of Mr. Atkinson's former parishioners in Campbell.—C. H. A.

THE WORK AT CAMPBELL

The people of this church had the pleasure of hearing two helpful messages last Sunday from visiting men. In the morning the Rev. Marion B. Davenport at one time pastor of our church in Tulare and now residing near Saratoga, occupied the pulpit. At the evening hour the Rev. Dr. Burton M. Palmer of Pacific Grove, preached. Dr. Palmer had the pleasure and the distinction of being the preacher at the Stanford Memorial Chapel on Sunday morning. The pastor of this church was in the pulpit of the Pacific Grove Congregational Church at both services that day.

On recent Sundays four have been added to the church membership, one on confession and three on re-confession of their faith. Easter was a day of rare helpfulness. The auditorium and the lecture room were taxed to their capacity both morning and evening. The music at both services was an important and inspiring feature. Especially in the evening when the entire service was given up to Florence Kingsley's Easter song and story entitled, "Love Triumphant." This was pronounced by many as the best thing of the kind that has ever been given in Campbell.

The work of the church is progressing very satisfactorily and the outlook is encouraging. The usual fine congregations in the morning are continuing; and the evening audience have materially increased in the past few months. The members of this church are rejoicing in the good fortune of its former pastor, Rev. Geo. E. Atkinson, in the gift of an automobile from Mr. Geo. N. Stray, a generous member of the Campbell Church.

BENICIA.

The work at Benicia is showing considerable improvement in every respect, the Sunday school is more flourishing than it has been for several years, and all of the church services are better attended than for some time. Since the severance of relations with Germany, a company of the National Guard has been stationed here and the church has presented quite a military array, twelve boys in olive drab marching in during the opening hymn at one service. Dr. Alexander Angelou of the Pacific School of Religion spoke recently, touching the experience of his family in Menastir, Macedonia, in the midst of the war zone. His talk was very highly appreciated by all present.

ANTIOCH.

The Antioch Congregational Church enjoyed the most beautiful Easter services on April 8th that has been her privilege in many years. The pastor, Rev. A. B. Roberts,

who is finishing his fifth year of service here, was greeted by large congregations, while he spoke on the timely topic of "The Modern Easter," inspiring his hearers to efficient service in this crisis of our nation.

Two young ladies united with the church on confession of faith at the communion service, making a total of seven new members, (mostly young people) since January, 1917. An adult choir of twelve voices rendered special music, accompanied by the organ and one violin, under the efficient direction of Mrs. Nell Kelly-Beede, while the Sunday-school pupils gave generously of their musical and literary talents as well as their silver gifts during the day. Thirty dollars were added to the Benevolence Fund on this occasion of newness of life and great rejoicing.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, FRESNO.

Twenty-eight members were received on Easter Sunday, thirteen of whom came by letter from other churches. The attendance at Sunday-school was the largest for many years —one hundred and thirty-three. The school has been increasing steadily in enrollment and efficiency under the leadership of Mr. Emory Hatcliffe, who is professor of economics in the Normal School.

The contract has been let for a new pipe organ which will be installed in a few weeks. Funds are in hand to pay the total cost.

Two of the five members of the Fresno City Board of Education chosen at the recent election are members of this church—Mr. W. A. Conn and Mrs. T. T. Giffen. Both had been serving short unexpired terms by appointment of the mayor.

NEW LIFE AT BETHANY CHURCH, SAN FRANCISCO.

The Easter Day services in Bethany Church, San Francisco were regarded by many as the best ever held there. There was excellent and appropriate music morning and evening.

Bethany is taking on new life because of the fine and enthusiastic work of our new pastor and wife, the Rev. and Mrs. A. R. Gillespie. Our people are being cheered and inspired to press on. We feel that God has sent this young man and his wife to us, and that under their leadership we are going to forge ahead, and have here ere long a fine working band of Christian people, despite the fact that we have lost so many of the old stand-by members by death and removals.

SPRAGUE, WASHINGTON.

Sunday April 15th, was a red-letter day for the Congregational Church at Sprague, Washington. The pastor Rev. W. W. Cochrane, had worked hard for some months to make the joys of the day possible. It was not done in any spectacular manner, or by the aid of an evangelist, or even protracted meetings, but it was done in a quiet, faithful, persevering manner from house to house, by earnest personal appeals. During the day it was the privilege of the writer, as a former pastor to receive into the fellowship of the church, on the community basis, seventy-six, about fifteen of them as junior members. There were among them quite a number of parents with their whole families.

It has given new life to the church, and shows the possibilities of real leadership. The house was full in both services and the singing was excellent. Among the recent improvements around the church is a cement side walk. The parlors are used for Red Cross work, and the weekly forum is well attended. J. EDWARDS.

OREGON LETER.

By George H. Himes.

Mrs. Jane Killough Wilkinson, a member of the First Congregational Church at Oregon City forty-seven years, died on April 18th, after a prolonged illness.

This estimable lady and most efficient church worker was born in March, 1840, 77 years ago. In 1860 she was married to James Wilkinson, a weaver and the son of a weaver, in a neighboring village. On account of the Civil War in America few and fewer ships brought cotton to Ireland, until James Wilkinson, the weaver, and his bride decided to emigrate to the land of cotton, and in May, 1863, after a stormy passage of 45 days, landed in New York in the very darkest days of the American War. Weavers were in demand and after several years in the mills at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, the young immigrants heard of a new woolen mill at Oregon City. From New York by way of Panama they reached San Francisco where the papers were advertising for weavers at Oregon City where they landed on the 14th day of April, 1867, fifty years ago.

Bringing a letter from the First Congregational Church at Pittsfield, they united with the First Congregational Church at Oregon City. Two years later Dr. Atkinson made James Wilkinson a deacon and since that time, for 47 years. Mrs. Wilkinson has prepared the communion bread and wine and taken care of the church linen and silver. For the first time in 47 years, on Easter Sunday she was unable to fulfill this chosen task. Mrs. Wilkinson's enjoyment was the home and the church, and every minister up to the present one has been entertained there, sometimes a week at a time. The first one was Rev. Elkanah Walker, the famous pioneer missionary, who baptised the infant daughter, Martha, now Mrs. Blakesley. Dr. Atkinson came often as to his own home, and a room was always ready. She had a flower garden, devoted to the church, and in season never failed to bring or send flowers. All this with the care of eight children, three of whom survive. The funeral was conducted by Rev. John Wesley McCallum, the new pastor of the church.

On Easter Sunday nine new members were received into the Oregon City Congregational Church, making 30 since the opening of the year. Rev. J. W. McCallum is doing an excellent work attracting the largest congregations this church has ever known. An excellent orchestra led by a member of the church adds greatly to the evening services. Mr. McCallum assisted in special meetings at Jennings Lodge, resulting in 13 conversions in February. Very remarkably the four leading churches of Oregon City, Baptist, Methodist, Presyterian and Congregational, all have Scotch pastors who were born in Canada. Scotch Canadians are doing a great work in Evangelical churches of the United States.

EASTER ITEMS FROM DOUGLAS, ALASKA.

The church at Douglas had 20 accessions, all on confession the larger number being young people from the Church School. Sixty-seven persons took communion which is probably a record number for Alaska in a Protestant Church, not including native churches.

God has his plans, and what if we
With our sight be too blind to see
Their full fruition; cannot he,
Who made it, solve the mystery?
—Paul Laurence Dunbar.

For The Children.

THE PUMPKIN OF PEACE.

They were beautiful gardens, which belonged to Rob Farnham and Roy Brown—full of corn, potatoes, beets, beans, cabbages, parsnips, carrots, turnips, and, most bounteous of all, great golden pumpkins! Twin gardens they seemed, with just the few differences usually observable in twins. Certainly it seemed a thousand pities that between them there was such a high board fence—high and tight, with no knotholes—an impervious fence, that would have been the despair of small boys had it surrounded a baseball field! It was a weatherbeaten fence. It had been there ten years—ever since Roy and Rob were five years old.

At the time the two copper-toed, freckle-faced, hilarious little playfellows had been strictly forbidden to play with each other ever again or to treat each other, in public or private, with anything more than cold civility. The ban had never been lifted.

The original trouble between Deacon Farnham and Squire Brown had had something to do with a pew in the new church which both men had wanted, and which Squire Brown had secured for himself. For ten years these two near neighbors had treated each other with punctilious politeness in public. And the board fence erected by Deacon Farnham, indicated exactly the extent of their private intercourse.

Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Farnham fell in line dutifully, though sorely missing their old-time neighborliness. So did Rob and Roy. And thus matters stood that gracious autumn when the two beautiful gardens shone and sparkea and smiled under the mellow sunshine.

That spring Judge Halford had offered three prizes—first, second and third—for exhibits of garden vegetables raised by village boys under sixteen years of age. Nearly every home in Halfordsville had at least half an acre of garden, and never had these pots been so carefully tended. One exhibition—that of early crops, also with three prizes—had been held in the first part of August, and Rob had won the first prize. The second exhibition—of winter vegetables—was to be on the last Saturday of October.

Rivalry ran high, but to those who had inspected all the gardens it seemed tolerably certain that Roy would win the first prize. Rob's garden came next. The chief superiority of Roy's garden lay in the magnificence of a great golden pumpkin, which seemed never to tire of thrusting its glowing bulk higher and higher among the broad, sheltering leaves.

Rob had heard of that magnificent pumpkin, but had never seen it. And nothing would have induced him to peep, even if the impervious fence had allowed such a liberty. He wouldn't even look from the windows!

At last the momentous Saturday came. Pretty nearly every boy in Halfordsville was up bright and early, and hastening, with wheelbarrow heeped high toward Judge Halford's fine new stable, the place of exhibition.

At least a week earlier everything had been harvested from the gardens except the pumpkins. Each boy was anxious to give his golden beauties the last possible minute in which to expand their complacent sides, and had drawn heavily upon supplies of old quilts, blankets, coats, etc., with which to cover them on chilly nights.

With exultant pride Roy started to cut his mammoth prize-winner from the stalk. Suddenly he stopped, straightened up, and then stooped again, and seemed to be looking for something among the withered leaves that now left the vines bare.

A moment later Rob, gathering his own pumpkins, heard an embarrassed "Hi!" He looked up. Roy had mounted his wheelbarrow, and his eyes just showed above the fence—also a flushed and puckered forehead. "Say, Farnham, some of your property has got over on my side of the fence. Come and take it, will you? I'll lift it over."

Breathing hard, and with a very red face, he slowly hoisted before Rob's amazed eyes a pumpkin—such a pumpkin! Not one in Rob's garden could compare with it. Rob started, spell-bound.

"Come on—take it!" urged Roy. "It grew on your vine. Look down there, and you'll see where it squeezed through under that rotten board. It's still on the vine. See—you can see it wiggle on your side when I move the pumpkin."

"But, but—" stammered Rob.

"Come, come on, or I shall drop it—on your side—and smash it!"

Like a boy in a dream Rob brought his wheelbarrow to the fence, mounted it, and speechless, took his runaway treasure. Before he coud find his tongue Roy had vanished.

That afternoon Judge Halford's stable presented the gayest scene in town. The walls were bright with great boughs of autumn leaves, and their colors were repeated in the painstakingly arranged exhibits of all shapes, shades and sizes. The place swarmed with excited exhibitors, interested fathers, proud mothers, uncles, cousins, aunts and girl schoolmates.

Squire Brown ran a critical and judicial eye over his boy's exhibit. "Where in the name of common sense is your big pumpkin, Roy?" he exploded.

Roy, blushing, found it necessary to rearrange his carrots.

"Haven's any, father."

"Haven't any?"

"No; that pumpkin was on Rob Farnham's vine. It ran under the fence."

"Well, I'll be—and you turned it over to him?"

"Of course, father!"

"Of course, of course, my boy. But where is it? That's his exhibit—where's the pumpkin?"

The squire took a turn or two around the hall. Presently he came upon Rob, doing something to his exhibit.

"Er—good afternoon, Rob."

"Good afternoon, Squire Brown."

"Er—er—well, anyhow, where's that big pumpkin?"

"At home in the cellar, sir."

"Why didn't you exhibit it?"

"Oh, thought I wouldn't."

And Rob got very busy and began to whistle.

The first prize at the exhibit was won by Roy's pumpkin.

When the guests were gone, and the exhibitor's were packing up, Roy walked over to Rob and remarked:

"Say Rob, why didn't you exhibit that pumpkin?"

"Oh, just thought I wouldn't. Why did you pass it over to me—you didn't have to!"

"Oh, thought I would."

Then they felt to discussing the prospects of their baseball nine.

That evening early, there was a vigorous ring at the Farnhams' bell. Deacon Farnham himself came to the door. There stood the Squire.

"Deacon"—the Squire's voice was rather shaky—"Deacon did you know about that pumpkin?"

"Well, those boys—those boys of yours and mine—well, if two scamps like that can be so—well, Neighbor Farnham, I'm ashamed about that pew business! I was entirely to blame. I wish you'd change pews with me tomorrow!"

"Squire—Neighbor Brown, it was my fault. I don't want the pew. I wouldn't feel at home in it. Come in, come in. Great exhibition, wasn't it?"

"It was," said Squire Brown.

And then they fell to discussing the prospects for an early revival at their church.

Next morning Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Farnham were neighboring as if they had never suspended their intercourse.

That pumpkin was the "bright particular star" of the decorations at the Thanksgiving party which Rob gave to Roy and his friends that year.—American Mesenger.

THE GOD OF BATTLES.

"God is on my side," said with pride
The Warrior. "That's a cert."
"A funny thing," his foe replied,
Removing of his shirt.
"For I'm on His. And I'm agin
You and the Devil, too.
So pardon me, how comes it then
God's on the side o' you?"
"I know not," t'other answered,
As tooth and fist he plied.
"I only know, when all is said,
That God is on my side."

—Alfred Ollivant in Boston Transcript.

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